

STATION 347 + 57.6.

By WALCOTT LeCLEAR BEARD, Author of "Spees," "The Martyrdom of John the Baptist," "Bisnaga's Madeline," etc.

[Copyright, 1897, by Walcott LeClear Beard.]

PART I.

Standing on a little bald expanse of a hill, young Powers, the assistant engineer-in-charge, waited for his men. Powers was hot and dry and hungry. No food, however, was to be had until the corps should have come up, and though the men were working toward the long red and white pole that Powers had stuck into the summit of the hill, as they stretched the yellow desert of southern Arizona, split into halves by the green valley of the Gila, the engineer looked wearily over the dismal view. He turned to a cottonwood tree to which his horse was tied, leaning against the saddle girths, and then sat down in the shade.

"He could hear that the sounds of the working men, which drifted faintly through the hot, still air, grew plainer as the party neared him. Once they stopped for a minute, and Powers heard the sharp report of a pistol that roused him, for an instant, a languid interest. It was not repeated. Probably it was only one of the boys shooting at a Jack-rabbit, or a coyote, or something. Soon followed by an axman, Carter, the big head chairman, toiled up the steep little rise, the chain clanking behind him, as he dragged it over the stone of the hillside.

"Take off the axes, will you?" he shouted to his mate on the other end of the chain. "Three four seven plus five seven point six," came in a monotonous drawl from where the rear chairman was concealed in the scrub.

"Three four seven plus five seven point six," repeated Carter. "Got it?" The engineer nodded as he entered the figures in his note book. "Say," Carter went on, "you know that horse-thief that swiped them bronches of Uncle George Marden's, don't you? Him that the boys is out chasing?"

"Haven't the pleasure," murmured Powers, wearily. "I don't mean that way—Lord, no!" cried the livestock expert. "But you know there was a thief?"

"I know that Marden lost some horses, or said he did. There hasn't been anything else talked about in the camp since they were missed. I'm sick of it." "He's more sick of it when they find him, then," responded Carter. "What I'm sayin' is—" he interrupted himself in order to pull out the rod from where it stuck in the ground. Then he marked a stake to drive in its place.

"You were out there, will you?" he shouted to his mate on the other end of the chain. "Three four seven plus five seven point six," came in a monotonous drawl from where the rear chairman was concealed in the scrub.

"Three four seven plus five seven point six," repeated Carter. "Got it?" The engineer nodded as he entered the figures in his note book. "Say," Carter went on, "you know that horse-thief that swiped them bronches of Uncle George Marden's, don't you? Him that the boys is out chasing?"

"Haven't the pleasure," murmured Powers, wearily. "I don't mean that way—Lord, no!" cried the livestock expert. "But you know there was a thief?"

"I know that Marden lost some horses, or said he did. There hasn't been anything else talked about in the camp since they were missed. I'm sick of it." "He's more sick of it when they find him, then," responded Carter. "What I'm sayin' is—" he interrupted himself in order to pull out the rod from where it stuck in the ground. Then he marked a stake to drive in its place.

are: the dirt was evidently of a late deposit, and in itself was indicative of recent washing. With many inferences, made as deductive as was possible for the rough men who offered them, the children were enticed over to where the engineer corps was sitting. The small maiden scanned the faces before her with deliberation and great gravity; they walked around the circle of men to the big chairman and seated herself at his side. No one knew just how to open a conversation, and an embarrassed silence reigned on the group.

"What do they like to eat?" somebody asked. The Black Flag suggested jelly. Bread and butter was necessary as a foundation, the transman said; otherwise, it would make them ill. The engineer said that it would make them ill anyhow. That was why they ate it; it was so bad for them.

As he spoke, he passed the suggested articles of food to Carter, who seemed by tacit understanding to be the official host, and two thick slices of bread, well spread with butterine and piled high with the canned jelly, were placed in

the hands of the children. The boy at once began to eat his slice, leaving, as he did so, most of the jelly on the outside of his face. The girl held hers untouched. Again an awkward pause fell on the company. It was broken, at last, by the small maiden.

"What's your name?" she asked Carter. Carter answered promptly and in full, as though he were being examined by a lawyer.

"What's yours?" he inquired, in return. "Nan," she replied. Then she looked at Carter carefully over and remarked: "I like you."

The men laughed. Nan regarded them with looks grave displeasure. Carter flushed crimson under his tan, and his body from the grimed and grained leather of the shop to the highest literary genius upon earth. This Sweden, first in education, has borne the first fruit of the best intellectual and moral growth among the nations of the world.

Mr. Nobel's funeral took place in Stockholm on Dec. 29. The ceremonies were impressive, but were marked by one feature which is a source of regret to the people of Sweden. No member of the royal family graced the occasion with his presence. In the future, when kings will be looked upon as an interesting phase of the progress of society from the semi-civilized to the civilized state, the name of Alfred Nobel will be greater than that of any monarch from Alexander down to the last perished scandinavian takes in every body from the grimed and grained leather of the shop to the highest literary genius upon earth.

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-

er's other kid was safe over here with us, an' she said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em take her an' her 'em but soon, please, an' thank you, an' so on, but the way she talked meant: 'You min' yer own business.' She was polite, though—dead polite. She wasn't like none of the women you'll find 'round here. I couldn't say no more, some-how—it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good he you can think of. Them kids and her, they can't stay here."

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was of, aren't you?" "Quiet, quiet," responded Carter. "But, all the same, they oughter not stay here."

Powers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chairman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortable little camp—one that told plainly of inexperienced hands. Its equipment was all new and expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the early pitched tent sat Nan's mother. At first she did not hear Powers's approach, and her back, as she sat, was toward him. It was a back utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. Also, the gown that covered it was both well fitted and well made. Then she heard him, and rising, turned. Her face, though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and paused. The woman looked at him with

an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, into whose house some one had forced a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly. "Your little daughter came over to us just now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe. I don't want to appear intrusive, but really, you ought not to stay here."

"You're very kind," she replied, coldly. "But my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We shall go on then."

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-

er's other kid was safe over here with us, an' she said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em take her an' her 'em but soon, please, an' thank you, an' so on, but the way she talked meant: 'You min' yer own business.' She was polite, though—dead polite. She wasn't like none of the women you'll find 'round here. I couldn't say no more, some-how—it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good he you can think of. Them kids and her, they can't stay here."

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was of, aren't you?" "Quiet, quiet," responded Carter. "But, all the same, they oughter not stay here."

Powers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chairman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortable little camp—one that told plainly of inexperienced hands. Its equipment was all new and expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the early pitched tent sat Nan's mother. At first she did not hear Powers's approach, and her back, as she sat, was toward him. It was a back utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. Also, the gown that covered it was both well fitted and well made. Then she heard him, and rising, turned. Her face, though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and paused. The woman looked at him with

an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, into whose house some one had forced a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly. "Your little daughter came over to us just now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe. I don't want to appear intrusive, but really, you ought not to stay here."

"You're very kind," she replied, coldly. "But my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We shall go on then."

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-

er's other kid was safe over here with us, an' she said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em take her an' her 'em but soon, please, an' thank you, an' so on, but the way she talked meant: 'You min' yer own business.' She was polite, though—dead polite. She wasn't like none of the women you'll find 'round here. I couldn't say no more, some-how—it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good he you can think of. Them kids and her, they can't stay here."

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was of, aren't you?" "Quiet, quiet," responded Carter. "But, all the same, they oughter not stay here."

Powers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chairman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortable little camp—one that told plainly of inexperienced hands. Its equipment was all new and expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the early pitched tent sat Nan's mother. At first she did not hear Powers's approach, and her back, as she sat, was toward him. It was a back utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. Also, the gown that covered it was both well fitted and well made. Then she heard him, and rising, turned. Her face, though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and paused. The woman looked at him with

an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, into whose house some one had forced a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly. "Your little daughter came over to us just now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe. I don't want to appear intrusive, but really, you ought not to stay here."

"You're very kind," she replied, coldly. "But my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We shall go on then."

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-

er's other kid was safe over here with us, an' she said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em take her an' her 'em but soon, please, an' thank you, an' so on, but the way she talked meant: 'You min' yer own business.' She was polite, though—dead polite. She wasn't like none of the women you'll find 'round here. I couldn't say no more, some-how—it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good he you can think of. Them kids and her, they can't stay here."

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was of, aren't you?" "Quiet, quiet," responded Carter. "But, all the same, they oughter not stay here."

Powers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chairman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortable little camp—one that told plainly of inexperienced hands. Its equipment was all new and expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the early pitched tent sat Nan's mother. At first she did not hear Powers's approach, and her back, as she sat, was toward him. It was a back utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. Also, the gown that covered it was both well fitted and well made. Then she heard him, and rising, turned. Her face, though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and paused. The woman looked at him with

an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, into whose house some one had forced a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly. "Your little daughter came over to us just now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe. I don't want to appear intrusive, but really, you ought not to stay here."

"You're very kind," she replied, coldly. "But my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We shall go on then."

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-

er's other kid was safe over here with us, an' she said she knowed it, an' don't let 'em take her an' her 'em but soon, please, an' thank you, an' so on, but the way she talked meant: 'You min' yer own business.' She was polite, though—dead polite. She wasn't like none of the women you'll find 'round here. I couldn't say no more, some-how—it was all in the way she talked. But this ain't no place for her. Her camp's seen the kettle bottom, an' they hadn't no sort of a proper outfit to start on. I reckon you'd better go 'n' try, Mr. Powers. Tell her any good he you can think of. Them kids and her, they can't stay here."

Powers rose reluctantly. "We can't take the women by force," he said, dusting off his riding breeches. "I suppose you're satisfied now that your other notion was of, aren't you?" "Quiet, quiet," responded Carter. "But, all the same, they oughter not stay here."

Powers shrugged his shoulders and departed, following the line of bent weeds that indicated the course pursued by the chairman. The camp was much closer than he had supposed; he came upon it almost immediately. It was rather a comfortable little camp—one that told plainly of inexperienced hands. Its equipment was all new and expensive and unsuitable. In the shadow of the early pitched tent sat Nan's mother. At first she did not hear Powers's approach, and her back, as she sat, was toward him. It was a back utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. Also, the gown that covered it was both well fitted and well made. Then she heard him, and rising, turned. Her face, though pinched and worn, was young and pretty.

Powers advanced a few steps and paused. The woman looked at him with

an air of well-bred surprise; as a lady, into whose house some one had forced a way, might regard the intruder. Powers lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he began, awkwardly. "Your little daughter came over to us just now and said that you were alone in the camp here. It isn't safe. I don't want to appear intrusive, but really, you ought not to stay here."

"You're very kind," she replied, coldly. "But my husband is away, and expects to find us here on his return. We shall go on then."

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men, but one of the axmen remarked audibly: "Sure, it's none so far they've come. She seems to be on to the whole—He never got further with his speech, for Carter prodded him into silence. Pow-



"HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED?" SHE ASKED.

HIS MILLIONS FOR HUMANITY.

(Concluded from Page 9.)

its beneficence. Every year an immense sum, which will exceed \$2,000,000, will be divided among the five persons who have done most for the advancement of humanity in the preceding twelve-month. With one sweep the great-hearted Scandinavian takes in everybody from the grimed and grained leather of the shop to the highest literary genius upon earth. This Sweden, first in education, has borne the first fruit of the best intellectual and moral growth among the nations of the world.

Mr. Nobel's funeral took place in Stockholm on Dec. 29. The ceremonies were impressive, but were marked by one feature which is a source of regret to the people of Sweden. No member of the royal family graced the occasion with his presence. In the future, when kings will be looked upon as an interesting phase of the progress of society from the semi-civilized to the civilized state, the name of Alfred Nobel will be greater than that of any monarch from Alexander down to the last perished scandinavian takes in every body from the grimed and grained leather of the shop to the highest literary genius upon earth.

At one side of the little clearing, out of the woman's sight, the men, who had followed Powers, were standing in the edge of the brush. Carter held Nan, perched on his shoulder.

"You can leave a note for your husband, pinned to that tree, where he can't help but find it," urged the engineer. "We'll take all the things you want up to the home camp, and you'll be quite safe there. All manner of things might happen, if it was known that you were here alone, and it must be some known, sooner or later. Your husband has been detained, somehow. Why, it may be days before he comes back. We'll, possibly."

The woman looked troubled. "He should have been back before this," she said, doubtfully. "When he went away he said that he would only be gone one day, or two at most. It's four days now. Our horses got ill, and one of them died, and he went to get others."

There was a stir among the men; they looked at each other and shook their heads. Carter lifted Nan in his arms. Even Powers now had little doubt that Nan's father and the horse thief were the same, therefore he redoubled the urgency of his plea. Something in his face must have showed that all was not right. Wriggling to the ground, Nan ran to her mother, who rested one hand on the child's shoulder. A twig snapped

under the foot of the transman; the woman heard it and turned. She saw the men looking at her with curiosity or pity. Again she turned her eyes on Powers, who sneaked under her gaze. "Has anything happened?" she asked. "Do you know anything that has happened to him? Tell me, quick! Is anything wrong?" The hand that rested on Nan's shoulder clinched and opened convulsively, as she was speaking. Powers, confused, hesitated for a moment, then shook his head.

"No, I know nothing about him," he answered. Her mouth twitched in spite of her attempts to control it. Suddenly she broke down under the strain. Covering her face with her hands, she sank on the camp stool from which she had just risen, and began to cry hysterically.

"They've taken him," she gasped between her sobs. "They must have taken him. You know they have, and you won't tell me. That's why you look at me so. If they haven't taken him, why isn't he here? And we came so far."

Powers stood helpless and embarrassed. There was a little murmur of sympathy from the men